THE WORLD.

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THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year. 228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

1.	Year.	Yearly Total.	Dally Average.
	1882 1883 1884 1886 1887	8,151,157 12,235,238 28,519,785 51,241,267 70,126,041 83,389,828	22,331 33,541 77,922 140,387 192,126 228,465

Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054 The average circulation of The

Sunday World during 1884 was 79,985 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166.636 The average circulation of The

Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

ADVERTISING RATES.

(Arate Measurement.) ary, 25 cents per line. No extra charge for ac esptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite Editorial page, 3O cents per line. Reading Notices, starred or marked "Advt." First page, \$1.50 per line; Fourth page, \$1.25 per line; Inside page, \$1

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NOW FOR BUSINESS.

A month after the meeting of Congress the Committees are announced,

Now for business.

The surplus is rolling in at the rate of \$15,000,000 a month. If it is not stopped, it millions are before Congress.

Out down the war taxes, and do it "forth-

THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

The working people asked for the Saturday half-holiday and got it. It has given to thousands of them time for rest and pleasure which they would not otherwise have got. Now come the bankers and the corporation

organs and tell the workers that the halfholiday is an injury to them-that they don't know how to use their leisure, and are given to wasting both time and money on Satur.

It is very kind in these people to volunteer as guardians of Labor. But the Legislature is likely to think that it will be time enough to repeal the law when the working people nak for it.

STILL BOMBARDING.

The man who fired the first gun at Sumter ans just died. He was a mere lad at the ime, and the duty fell to him by lot.

There is a sharp rivalry among the Republican leaders as to who shall fire the last shot at Sumter.

At present FORAKER is ahead, with Editor HATTON a close second and Senator SHERMAN an eager third.

And yet the war ended twenty-three years

MR. EMERSON'S DISCOVERY. The latest English arrival has unwittingly

done this country a great injury.

We refer to Mr. J. W. EMERSON, the young the bed before retiring," and who was rewarded, on the night of his arrival in this city, by finding a sneak-thief concealed there.

Think of the encouragement which this discovery will give to the thousands of wives and timid girls who "look under the bed for a burglar" even more regularly than they say their prayers, and who do not find one man for a million peeps.

Move on, Mr. EMERSON. "We wish that you had never come."

MUSCLE-WORSHIP AT THE HUB.

Boston is becoming more like old Rome than ancient Athens. Her æstheticism is giving way to athleticism. The biceps is more esteemed than the brain at the home of

The latest proof of this is furnished by the " pretty eighteen-year-old daughter of a West End grocer" in that city, who, having two rivals for her hand, and being unable to choose between them, bade them fight it out at fisticuffs, promising to marry the victor.

The first set-to of eleven rounds resulted in a draw, but the modern Roman maiden insisted that the rivals must "fight it out." The reaction against blue-stockingism would seem to be complete.

What is the meaning of this cycle of cowaiding of men by women through which the country is passing? Are the men less chivalrous or the women more Amazonian than formerly? It is not a pleasant state of society when women feel impelled to right

When Fashion can dance \$60,000 to the

People who coast down village or city pareets that are crossed by other highways is there

and lined with trees, lamp-posts and telegraph poles, take a great many chances of entering the "Sweet By and By."

Complaints of loaferish and insulting ac tion towards women and girls in Central Parl again are heard. Before the ponds freeze over too solidly, it might be well to drown a few of these dirty blackguards.

Again the L road has had a narrow escape from a serious casualty. It won't do to depend on such luck always, Mr. Hain. Are not the roads " taking too many chances?"

It troubles the rabid Republican organs greatly to see the Southern people recognized as fellow-citizens.

FORTUNES OF CIRCUS MEN-

E. D. Colvin is worth \$40,000, John R. Dorris is worth \$20,000. John Robinson, of Cincinnati, is worth about

Eaton Stone lives in New Jersey, where he owns a small farm.

James Robinson, the circus-rider, has saved about \$100 000 and owns a nice farm.

to be in the same condition as Dan Rice. James E. Cooke, the horse-rider and athlete, driving a street car somewhere in the South. Adam Forepangh has from \$200,000 to \$250,000.

Dr. Thayer, the noted circus proprietor, is said

He owns a number of dwelling-houses in Philadel phia. P. T. Barnum is worth from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000.

000. W. W. Cole and James A. Bailey each have a fortune of \$2,000,000,

James E. Cooper is worth \$500,000. As soon as he makes a few extra thousands he erects a row of little cheap cottages in Philadelphia. James Hutchinson has amassed the sum of

\$1,500,000. Ten years ago he did not possess \$150. All his money was made in the circus business. James F. Bailey has retired from the circus bustness with a snug little fortune. He lives at the

Ashland House in this city and dabbles a little in Wall street. Dan Rice, the man who used to get \$1,000 a week. the biggest salary ever paid to any circus man in

the world, is now said to be worth a few thousand

The Sells Brothers, of Columbus, O., began thet career selling knickknacks on circus lots. That was their first connection with the circus business. They now own a great deal of real estate.

dollars less than nothing.

WORLDLINGS.

There are lace curtains in the pariors of Robert Garrett's million-dollar Baltimore mansion whic cost \$200 a yard. Some of the carpets on the floors are actually worth their weight in gold.

A young man in the last stages of pulmonary disease killed himself by awallowing prussic acid in Philadeiphia recently, and the verdict of the astute Coroner's jury was : " Death from consumption accelerated by prussic acid."

A flock of blackbirds that must have been nearly two miles in length was seen by the passengers on will be spent. Already, grabs for a hundred a Pennsylvania Railroad train recently. The birds were so numerous that they darkened the sky for a few minutes, and presented a most novel spectacle. There is a log house near Danbury, N. C., in

which the fire on the heartn has not been out since the house was built about forty-five years ago. The man who occupies the house now is the man who built it, and he has never passed a night away from home. In a suit for divorce recently brought by a

wealthy merchant of Brussels against his wife, the causes alleged were that defendant took chloral habitually and smoked elgareties. The Judge took an indulgent view of the case and refused to grant the divorce. Neil Smith, a Georgia colored man, was sent to

the penitentiary for a 'erm of four years in 1883 for larceny. The time of his original sentence expired a week ago, but owing to the fact that he has made several unsuccessful attempts to escape he will be forced to pass six years more behind the bars.

The finest house in Washington is that of B. H. Warder, on K street. It cost \$400,000 and looks like a Venetian palace. It has a bathroom of white marble and in one of the bedrooms there is an apartment walled with mirrors, so arranged that one can see every part of himself without turn. ing his head.

The prettiest model in Paris is said to be Alice Van -, the daughter of a Belgian violinist who died when Alice was only fourteen and left her to make her own living and that of her family. She posed as " Fabiola," which has since been reproduced in this country as a tobacconist's advertimement, and as "Orpheline" and "Henriodade."

A young man of Ashland, Mc., while on his way home from a dance a few evenings ago saw the form of a large animal in front of him and fired several shots at it from a small revolver. The animal fell, and he saw that it was an enormous bull moose. He then cut its thoat with a pocket-knife, and in a few moments the great animal breathed

its last. Sheriff Holland, of Jacksonville, Fla., gathered Briton who " makes it a point to look under | his posse around him the other day and raided four camps of tramps who had pitched their tents in the swamps near the city. Seventeen men were captured and marched to jall. They were searched and their entire poss-saions found to consist of one bar of soap, one piece of tobacco, a razor, a memorandum book, two penknives and a railroad timetable. Not a cent was found on the person of a single individual.

Guests of City Boulfaces.

Lieut, G. W. Lenfeld, U. S. N., is stopping at the Sturtevant. F. W. Roebling, of Trenton, and his wife are staying at the Brunswick. At the Grand are C pl. W. A. Rapperty, U. S. A., and A. Grant, a London burrister.
Samuel R. Honey, Rhode Island's Lieutenant-Governor, is booked at the Brunswick.

Cant, and Mrs. G. H. Farrell, of London, and Dr. W. Knapre, of Berdn, are at the Fifth Avenue.
C. N. Watson, a prominent citizen of Montreal, whose daugater is no acknowledged belle, is now at the Hoffman.

t the Hoffman.

George M. Pullman, of palace-car fame, and
Jen. Wm. W. Beiknap, of Washington, are guests of the Victoria.

of the Victoria,
G. S. Page, a well-known railroad man, of Mon treal, and the Rev. T. J. Stiles, of Frankville, Ont., are registered at the Gilsey.

On the Hoffman's list of arrivals are the names of William J. Flynn, one of Albany's City Assessors, and Capt. James W. Rooney, also of Albany From other cities at the Astor House are H. D. Haddock, a Roston lawyer, A. E. Statier and Jas. E. Moore, jewellers from Culcago, and F. Mayer, of Battimore.

Among others at the Brunswick are Walter P. Warren, who manufactures many stoves at Allary: F. L. Rivagely, of St. Louis; J. Steriing Morion, the Nebraska lawyer, and N. R. Pairoanks, of Calcago.

His Name Stands High. [From the Philadelphia Bulletin, 1

In 1882, when Robert E. Pattison was a nominee for the office of the Chief Executive of the State of P ansylv ma, a galvanized cornice was placed on the Lalayette Motel, on Broad street, below Chestthe Latayette Motel, on Broad street, below Chest-nut, and on this the name of the Joing ex-Gov-ernor will r-main until by age the cornice will have to be replaced. One of the tinkers, who was al-most maily enthusistic grount the election of the young Publade point to the Governorship of this great State, punched the following into one of the sheets: "An abject man is a noble work of God. For Governor, Robert E. Pattison." This treak, if it can be verified, will keen the name of the ex-

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

HIGH-PRICED COAL MAKES HARD TIMES ON THE EAST SIDE.

Poor People Hard Pressed to Keep Soul and Body Together These Days-The Retail Coal Business Bad and Profits Cold-Wenther Pacts for Coal Barons.

"It is hard times on the east side," people ay. Indeed, when was it not "hard times" in that section where earners of day wages live? But times seem to be harder than it off. usual in the region below Fourteenth street

and east of Third avenue. Dealers say unanimously that the people who live up in dark and poorly ventilated tenements are very hard pushed this winter in the effort to keep body and soul together. The smaller dealers in First ave. one and that neighborhood are very gloomy. They say that the system of living from hand to mouth is the only one in vogue over there, and that people make their purchases in the smallest, most impracticable and most costly quantities.

A quart of potatoes! A water-pailful of

coal?
These are samples of the purchases. This is owing, in some cases, to the fact that the tenement-house people have no room in which to store anything, and this is because in order to economize on rent several families occupy the space usually allotted to one family.

Then, although each tenement has a cellar, it is impossible to protect the provisions of one family from the depredations of another in the cellar which is common to all. This

is due to the desperation of poverty.

With a prospect of a raise in the price of coal on account of the strike of mining wage slaves the outlook for better times for the tenement-house districts and for the small dealers who make a scanty living at best is not encouraging. Coal costs the small dealer an average of \$6 a ton, and sales are so small

that he can make nothing out of it.

An EVENING WORLD reporter had talks
with a number of First avenue dealers to-day,
Henry Mabistadt, grocer at the corner of
First avenue and Second street said: "Busiries avenue and second street said: Business is pretty fair, but profits are light. There is too much competition. We sell coal at seven cents a water-pailful. We should have \$7 at on. We sell coal for accommodation, but we will not deliver it. Four pedlers keep their horses in my stable. They sell at 25 cents a bushel and carry it up. I pay \$5.50, but they get it at the yard for \$5. There are twenty-eight bushels in a ton,

"There are twenty-eight bushels in a ton, so they make \$2 on a ton. I don't make much more than that in many more deals, for eighty-five of my pailfuls make a ton. I get 12 cents for a scuttleful, and that is about the same. I don't give much credit. If a customer can't may to-day, possibly he won't be able to pay to-morrow. We have lots of business—ought to with all these blocks around here crowded full of people."

John Meinken, grocer, at 168 First avenue, said: "Business is poor. It isn't half like other years. People haven't got the money, My customers are mostly working people.

My customers are mostly working people. We sell in small lots. A quart of Irish potatoes we sell at 7 cents. People are too poor to buy more than that at a time. A water-pail of coal sells for 10 cents. I pay \$5.75 per ton in my own wagon, and I know I get full weight. There are not quite three paulsful in a bushel. I sell for cash-oat least I can't give much credit in the

I think that the people are made poor by

"I think that the people are made poor by strikes. I don't see how they can gain by striking. All the striking I ever knew anything about they lost by. Expenses are too big for the business that we do now. It's hard times on the east side."

Julia Quinn, who keeps a diminutive grocery store at 222 Firstavenue, says: "Business is very bad. If I can make a living I am glad. I am here to-day, and may be turned out to-morrow. My customers are the poor people in the tops and bottoms of these blocks around here. As to coal, I can't make a cent on it. I pay \$4.50 for half a ton of coal, and what could I sell it for? I am almost too poor to use it to keep me warm."

The sturdy little grocerwoman sighed; The sturdy little grocerwoman sighed; then in an instant a kind smile spread over her face as she put a mottled red apple into the hand of each of two little girls who had

just made a five-cent purchase of bread. John Schlemmer, small grocer at 226 First avenue, says: 'Business is rather slack. Potatoes sell at 7 cents a quart, but a quart is heaped up so it's about three quarts. I pay \$2.50 and \$3 a bushel to the farmers. It don't pay to get much potatoes at one time. Coal is 8 cents a wooden pailful delivered. I pay \$5.50 a ton and deliver it myself. Last tims I paid \$6. There are seventy pails in a law.

Just at this point a woman clad in rags entered and "ordered" and paid for a pail of coal, to be delivered up three flights in a

Mr. Schlemmer went on: , You see, we go up three stairs with a pail of coal. We can't These big dealers in coal are to Business comes to us a cent at a High rent and small stores ruin us

Patrick Kieran, of Kieran & Lynch, shelf Patrick Kieran, of Kieran & Lynch, shelf grocers at First avenue and Fourteenth street, says: "Since the holidays business has not been very good. I do not deal in coal, but I had not fixed my cellar for coal, and the other day I bought a bushel across the way. It weighed just fifty pounds and I paid 25 cents for it. That's \$10 a ton. We do almost no credit business, and the little we do we regret—it's so hard getting in our money. Our customers have not worch cash. money. Our customers have not much cash, but they have a little. They come with it in their hands and pay for what they got. Comparing this with the former seven years that we have been in the trade it is the best, although I hear complaints all around of the dulness of trade."

At this point an elderly, poorly dressed

woman broke off the interview to purchase two half-pound packages of butter, which she was going to give to two neighbors poorer than herself.

than herself.

John Cogan, grocer at 175 First avenue, says: "The grocery husiness is slow, It's the neighborhood, I think. The people are very poor. We self potatoes usually a quart at a time at 8 cents." very poor. We sell at a time at a cents. THE EVENING WORLD reporter was shown a quart of potatoes. It had three and one-half pounds. There are sixty pounds in a bushel, and at 8 cents for this kind of a "quart,"

of which there would be only seventeen in a bushel, the dealer would get \$1.36 a bushel. They cost 75 cents, but the loss through the credit system of dealing and otherwise would reduce profits to a minimum.
"Rents in this neighborhood," said Mr. "Rents in this neighborhood," said Mr. Jogan, "are about \$10 for three rooms and \$6 a month for two rooms in the blocks." orty people live in these quarters." George E. Folsom, of 135 First avenue, leads in real estate and coal. He will not be be set to be set that a ton, and sells at \$5.75 a ton. Business with him is nainly done with grocers and lesser retailers. He thought that coal would be higher before the

He thought that coal would be higher before was lower in price.
William Tilch sells coal and wood in the
ascenent of 73 First avenue. He sells a
ushel of coal for 26 cents. He says that coal is so dear that business is not good. There are thirty bushels in a ton which he pays \$6.25 for. A scuttleful is sold for 13 cents, If is trade is in scuttles and bushels. He says that when coal is higher his customers refuse to pay another penny on a bushel, and he is obliged to make up the difference in meas-

He sells this winter about seven tons a week, delivering it at the top of the buildings nost mady enthusiastic about the election of the young Pullade perant to the Governorship of this great State, punched the following into one of the sheets: "An abonest man is a noble work of God. For Governor, Robert E. Pathson." This treak, it is can be verified, will keep the name of the ex-Governor in a position too exalled to be of any immidiate benefit, beyond the satisfaction of the enthusiast and a few of his friends in knowing that it is there.

Week, delivering it at the top of the buildings if necessary. Last winter he sold fourteen tons per week; but people who could raise the money bought a ton early, on the look. Out for another strike and high prices, and those who could not buy by the ton now use coal only for cooking. They live in cold rooms for the sake of economy. Mr. Tilch and his family live in one dark room partitioned off at the rear of the basement.

DETECTIVE PRIOR SURPRISED.

A Pale-Faced East Sider's Meal of Glass Tacks and a Live Frog.

"Til be blowed!" remarked Detective Prior of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Mr. Prior had just returned from a still

hunt after the big abandoned lumber raft, and had wandered into an east-side saloon in the neighborhood of the Hook, where his at-Light-The People Made Poor by Strikes | tention was attracted by the sight of a youth chewing a bar glass.

The youth had a pale, clean-shaven face, a oig mouth and red lips. He crunched between his teeth the segments of the goblet, which he bit out and called for water to top

Next he pulled a handful of tacks out of his pocket, crammed them into his mouth and swallowed them with another draught of

The mouth was empty.

"Where's the glass, the tacks and the frog?" he demanded.

"I swallered dem. We's tough over here, boss," said the pale-faced young man extending his hat. "Say, young feller, ain't yer goin' tor give me suthin fer me night's lodgin'?"

Detective Prior dropped a nickel in the hat and hurried back to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

CALIFORNIA'S DIVORCE MILL.

Its Simple Legal Machinery Taken Advan tage of by Numerous New Yorkers.

The divorce machinery of California is so simple, and the statutory time of residence so brief that it is becoming popular for New Yorkers, whose matrimonial yokes are too heavy, to take up their residence there for an allotted time preparatory to shaking off—their marriage ties, and returning East in untram-

marriage ties, and returning East in untrammelled singleness.

Amony the latest accessions to the ranks of divorce-scekers from the East is William F. Loss, a young Gothamite of high degree. He had the misfortune to marry a young woman whose reputation, it is said, was under a cloud, and in order to free himself from an unhappy entanglement he visited San Francisco, where he was recently granted a divorce on grounds of drunkenness and infidelity. Among the numerous co-respondents are several young bloods well known in this city. how Donnelley was hurt.

this city.

Another resident of New York who has cause to bless California divorce laws is Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, who, after a residence there of eight months, during which time she has shone as a star in high social circles, has obtained an absolute divorce. The exact obtained an absolute divorce. The exact cause of the rupture between Mrs. Yznaga and her husband is shrouded in mystery.

THOSE UNTRIED BAIL CASES.

Mayor Hewitt Could, if He Chose, Make Some Suggestions About Arrests.

Mayor Hewitt has found cause for comlaint in the fact that during the three years of District-Attorney Martine's term there were accumulated nearly five thousand unried indictments for violation of the Excise Should be look over the filed papers in the

Clerk's office of the Court of General Sessions he would wonder how so many excise cases got to the Grand Jury, and he might be tempted to write a letter, or several of them, this time not to an official whose warrant of authority is co-equal with his own, but to others whose appointment depends upon the city's chief executive. Under the law the papers and other records in cases dismissed in the several police courts of the city have to be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of General Sessions. Each

month the records in about three hundred

such cases are filed, and an examination re

such cases are filed, and an examination reveals the fact that a great majority of them are cases of excise violation.

A sample from one of the courts will suffice by way of illustration. Last mouth there were sixty dismissals of persons arrested for violation of the law, and of these thirty-five were arrested for some violation of the Excise law.

I From the San Francisco Examiner. Archbishop Riordan granted an unusual request this week in consenting to allow the black veil to be taken by a young religiouse whose probationary term as a novitiate has little more than half expired.
Only the most orgent circumstances are sufficient argument to overcome the strictrities of the caurch in such cases, and in this case the subject will wear the insignla of her promotion and acceptance but an hour or two at most before entering the coffin. The conference of the velt will virtually be a dying benediction, as the recipient's hope of life in the desh is as faint as it is strong for life in the spirit. The velt will form her shroud, virtually, as it will be interred with her. Sister Camilius of the College of Notre Dame on Dolores street, opposite the old Mission Church, is the young religieuse to whom the concession has been granted, and see is failing so rapidly that the extending can be expected to occur within a few hours or days at most. Quick consumption is the illness that has possession of her frame, and its ravages in the nast six weeks nave been such that there is no longer hope, and death is expected daily. The conference of the velt will virtually be a dving

death is expected daily.

[From the Padurah (Ky.) Standard.] A Marshall County man visited the City Cour room the other day while a jury trial was in progress. The six jurors were business men and were not in the best humor about being taken away from their business, and their countenances plainly showed their annoyance. There were several pris

"You have quite a lot of prisoners this morn-g, "remarked the Marshallite to Chief Collins. Was looking at the jury.

'Yes, say; tour or five, "replied Collins, glancing one at his " birds."

'They all look guity, too," observed the Mar-"They an took guitty, too," observed the Marshailite, man, that's the jury!" said Collins, aghast, as he just then nonced the direction of the Marshailite's gaze, "Them's the prisoners over yonder."

Wemen Who Want to Vote,

[From the Tacoma (W. T.) Ledger,]
A petition to the L gislature for the re-enactment of the Woman's Suffrage law has been forwarded from Tacoma to the representatives of Pierce County. It is tweive and one-half feet in length, two-thirds of that amount in double column, and contains the names of the great majority in, and contains the n-mes of the great majorily business and profession I men and of many men. The business portion of the city has not en theroughly canvassed, and the residence it scarcely at all. That the women of Tacoma want to vote is proved by the poll-books. At a sp cital election, bec. 10, 1883, the first at high women voted, the total vote cast was 1, 19 that of women, 193. At the special election held on May 4, 1886, the last at which women were al-lowed to use the franchise, the total vote in Ta-coma was 1, 440—that of women, 374.

(From Vanity Fair.)

The holldays bring a wealth of work for the cooks at Windsor. The kitchen, on the north side of the Castle, is fit ed elaborately enough to delight the heart even of a Careme. The apartment is hearly fifty feet in beignt, and has an enormous is hearly fifty feet in height, and has an enormous fire, at either end, with a system of spits after the fa-blan of University kitchens. As an ordinary staff there are a chef de cuisine, two master cooks, two reconet of the mouth, two recasting cooks, two arterers, five scenars, so he steam mad and three kitchenmatics, besides a reprentices and serving min. The num et of dinaers that can be cooked it this kitchen is simply markelous. Every detail of the art all generals is worked out with the greatest care, the dishes being handed straight to the footmen from the cooks, and by them conveyed to the various rooms.

DYING OF A BROKEN SKULL.

THE POLICE PUZZLED OVER JAMES DON-NELLEY'S INJURIES.

Queer Story About His Discharge from the Roosevelt Hospital-Did He Fall from a Car Platform ?-Seized with Delirium He Tries to Jump from a Window-No Record of Him at Roosevelt Hospital.

James Donnelley, a tailor, forty years old, of Red Bank, N. J., lies at the New York Hospital suffering with a fractured skull. He is unconscious and there are small hopes of his recovery. Last Monday Donnelley came to visit his

water.

A frog was hopping over the bar. The pale-faced young man caught it by a hind leg and held it in the air over his capacious mouth. The frog twitched and danced. Slowly the young man lowered the frog until only the legs protruded beyond his lips. Then he shut his mouth. One leg stuck out of each corner of his mouth.

He took another glass of water and sipped it. Gradually the legs were drawn into his mouth till they disappeared. Then, after a big gulp, he opened his mouth, distended it to unnatural proportions with the aid of his forefingers and held it up before Detective Prior to let the latter look down.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Detective Prior. friend, Francis Breen, a plumber, who lives

from Forty-eighth street in an Eighth avenue car at 11 o'clock r. M. Donnelley remained on the rear platform to smoke, while Breen went inside. Suddenly the tailor fell backwards over the dashboard.

He was carried to the sidewalk, where he remained half an hour before an ambulance came. He went to the Roosevelt Hospital, whence he was discharged the next morning, accerding to Breen, one of the officials remarking that "the hospital was not a lockup."

A dispensary physician saw Donnelley in

A dispensary physician saw Donnelley in Breen's room.

Last night the patient became unmanage-able. He tried to fling himself from the win-dow. Mrs. Gallagher, a feeble woman, re-strained him until the neighbors ran in and forced him back on the sofa.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning Breen notified the police of his friend's condition, and Donnelley was carried to the New York

At the Roosevelt Hospital the records were searched, but no account of Donnelley's admission was found. The clerk said that no such person had come there for treatment.

Mrs. Gallagher told an EVENING WORLD reporter that both Breen and Donnelly are sober men and on the best terms with each The police are working to find out exactly

PICTURES WHILE YOU WAIT. Artist Cusachs Astonishes a Publisher Who was in a Great Hurry. Philip G. Cusachs, the artist, is one of the

While his touch is remarkably quick, it is at the same time unusually strong and sure. A book publisher went to Mr. Cusachs a

nimblest and quickest draughtsmen in town.

A book publisher went to Mr. Cusachs a short time ago for twelve illustrations for a new book. He had the suggestions written out in order to facilitate the work.

"Now, Mr. Cusachs," said the publisher, "I beg of you to bear in mind that the printers are waiting for these illustrations. Pray do me the great favor of getting them out just as soon as you can."

Mr. Cusachs tried the nib of a pen on the hail of his thumb. "Are you in a very great the short of the said of his thumb." "Are you in a very great the short of the said of his thumb." "Are you in a very great the short of the said of his thumb." "Are you in a very great the short of the said of his thumb." "Are you in a very great the short of the said of his thumb." "Are you in a very great the short of the said of his thumb." "Are you in a very great the short of the said of his thumb." "Are you in a very great the short of the said of his thumb." The said t

nail of his thumb. 'Are you in a very great hurry, Mr. Book?' he asked. 'Yes, my dear sir; a very great hurry. There are the suggestions for the twelve pictures. Now tell me when you will have them Oh, be seated," said Mr. Cusachs, "and

"The publisher waited an hour and then carried away the pictures in a highly pleased and well satisfied state of mind.

What Came of an Easter Egg [From the Atlanta Constitution.]
Another strange freak is Col. R. D. Locke's esthetically hand-painted " Easter" chicken. The pullet is of good size and does not seem to realize that she is not constructed altogether according to that she is not constructed altogether according to the orthodox fashion among fowls. She is, however, not built that way. But she is not responsible for her dress. The tailor who planned it did so about last Easter time, and the intricate design of her brilliant trous eau was not dred in theiwood, but was on the shell of the egg before Mrs. Biddy was natched. Tradition fails to reveal how and why that red-and-green egg got un er the mother hen, but it did so, and when the cick was hatched she soon began to put on airs. The printing begins at the heak and this necessary appendage is beautifully motified in dark red, sea-green and brilliant orange. The feathers are deeply mottled in red, green and whire, the green being the predominant color, and the red appearing only in occasional spots. Her legs are likewise on the streaked stocking order, and altogether Mademoiselle Biddy Locke appears as if she had ordered her dress from

Fortifying Himself for the Fray. [A Pioneer's Recollections in the Chicago Herald.] Long John Wentworth used to come down

through the alley from the Saloon Building an' come up to the bar an'say:
''Uncle Jimmv, I'm goin' to make a speech tonight. Guess I'll have to have a little o' that 'ere brandy."
After taking his drink he'd start to the door, but

After taking his drink he'd start to the door, but stop there an' come back an' say again:
"I don't feel very well to-night, an' if Pm goin' to make a good speech I guess I'll have to have a leedle more o' that brainly."
Then he'd start for the Saloon Building, but turn on t'other side of the road, come back an' say:
"Oh, Uncle Jimmy, can't you come up an' hear my speech to night? An' I guess a drop more o' that brandy would do me good."
Then he' straighten up a little straighter than ever an' go an' make 'em one of the beat speeches you ever heard.

Free Pass Abuses in Italy.

[From London Figure.]
In Italy every Deputy becomes ex-officio entitled o a pass authorizing him to travel over any railway line in the kingdom. Much excitement has way line in the kingdom. Much excitement has been lately caused owing to the alleged misconduct of one of the holders of these comprehensive "passes." For it is alleged by the ratiway companies, who naturally take good care to see that the privilege in question is not abused, that an Iraban Deputy has actually been letting out his pass on hire, so to speak, to his friends and acquainnances. The Chi moer of Deputies has just authorized the prosecution of this offending member, and it is stated that the railway companies of Italy will be able to prove more than enough to secure his conviction.

Not the Ambulance. [From the Derroit Free Press,]
Two hundred pounds of solid fiesh, encased in a fress, bonnet, shoes and other articles too numerous to mention, came down with a crash near the soldiers' Monument yesterday forenoon, and a won an velled " O-o-oh !" loud enough to be hear-two blocks away. A pedestrian turned aside and two blocks away. A pedestrian turned as extended his hand and anxiously inquired:

Scall I ring for the ambulance, ma'am 7' "So all I ring for the ambulance, inclum?"

"No, sir!" she snapped, as she started to pick hersel! up, "If you want to onlige me wring the necks of some of these people who are grinning as I had never tried it before, and hadn't got it down to a fine kerbump!"

A Fortunate Expedient.

(Come (Col.) Desputch to San Francisco Examiner.]
At an early bour this morning while the trainmen

were transferring the Gunnison sleeper to the

Leadville train in some way the sleeper with one

coach got away and started down the strep grade, with no trainmen on them to man the brakes, Sooi a velocity of fifty miles an hour was reached, en

two miles faor, here the cars jumped the track and were demolished. The only passenger on the di-fated cars was a man named Bates, who covered his head with pillows and was taken out of the wreck without a scratch. A Pennsylvania Volcano.

[From the Pittiburg Commercial.]
The citizens of Zoilarsville and vicinity are considerably exercised over a discovery on the farm of Sinon Bane. Smoke was noticed several days ago issuing from the ground, and in order to saccriain the origin a number of neighbors assisted in making excavations. When only a few feet down the ground became so hot that the men had to quit digging. It is stated that hot pieces of olay were thrown up and that the smoke has become very dense.

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of "The Evening World." 82 for Mrs. Crowley.

To the Editor of The Evening World Please find inclosed \$2 for the unfortunate Mrs. Crowley. Please publish this in full from A READER OF THE WORLD. New York, Jan. 5.

More Help.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please give this money (\$1) to Mrs. B., the poor woman, East Twenty-eighth street, advertised in The Evenino World, from Mrs. F. Gosling. 106 West Seventy-third street.

Will we ever get clean streets? Down in our district they are filthy. Mayor Hewitt told the Commissioner that if he didn't attend to his duty he would remove him. He is still in office and the streets are getting worse. H. D.

Cherry street, Jan. 4. Early Morning Street Nulsances.

I believe there is an ordinance against unnecessary noises early in the morning. , Why don't the police interfere with the men who go up and down the sldewalk from 6 to 7 o'clock clanging a big bell and crying "swill." They rob many a man and woman of just one hour's rest each day.

Brooklyn, Jan. 4. A SUFFERER.

Five Dollars a Week is Enough for Her.

In answer to the wife who says her husband receives \$12 per week and cannot make both ends meet I would say there must be poor management somewhere. Why, if my husband were earning that money I could live and save a little besides. Now, I, too, have a little girl and my husband has only earned \$5 per week since the 1st of November, yet we live, and live good enough for any one. I have three light, clean rooms for which I pay \$11.50 per month. I do all my own cocking and sewing and we have managed to attend the thester twice this winter of course we and sewing and we have managed to attend the theatre twice this winter (of course we did not take a box). Now, if there are any doubts about the above statements one of your reporters may call and see for himself, and if he will kindly let me know what even-ing I will guarantee to give him a good, old-fashioned Massachusetts supper. Yours truly. Domestic. DOMESTIC. truly.

How to Live on \$12 Per Week. In the Editor of The Evening World:

For the enlightenment of your correspondent "Wife" in Wednesday's Evening World in which she wants to know how to live on \$12 per week and make both ends meet, I would like to put before her some plain facts which, if she lives up to, she can-not only make both ends meet, but have something left for a rainy day. The follow-ing table will show "Wife" my expenses per week with a wife and one child six years old:

Three nice rooms..... \$2.25 Coal and wood

You will notice that in the expenses there are no "chicken a la fricassee," "oyster pie," 'vension," or Mumm's extra dry, but a good "vension," or Mumm's extra dry, but a good plain living that hundreds, yes, I may say, thousands, of families in this city live on from one year's end to another. I think "Wife" is in luck, and ought to try in the future to be thankful for having such a large share of this world's goodness. I have only been in this city five months. The last three weeks I have not had any employment, and like "Wife's" husband had \$12 per week, out of which I saved \$40. It is dwindling away now, but still I have enough for a few weeks longer. If "Wife" doubts the figures that I have put down, she is welcome to our home to see for herself, and my wife will gladly tell her all the secrets of how to live on \$12 per week, make both ends meet, save money and have plenty to spare; or, if she wishes me to explain how the different meals are cooked and served, I will gladly do so, giving her all the details.

George McKenzie, 388 Thirteenth street, Brooklyn.

Looking for His Lost Limb. [From the Pall Mall Gazette.] We are not sure that the legal relation of a gentleman to his amputated limi s is very satisfactorily defined either by statute or at common law. Mr. Richard Byford, a middle-aged man with a wooden leg, who was found under suspicious circumstances in the museum of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, explained his presence
by alleging a desire to visit the cast of his
lost limb. This was not considered satisfactory,
and he was haled before the magistrate, who remanded him. It seems hard that's man should be
denied a certain reasonable access to his legs.
"You see, he has a leg," said Mrs. Mountstuart
Jenkinson in "The Egoist" of Sir Wilburghby Patterne, when "the excited his guests of both sexes
to a hollday of flattery." Now a man who has not
a leg, who has been divorced from his leg, has this
advantage that he can contemplate it impartually
and from all points of view, needing no Mrs.
Monntstuart Jenkinson to descant upon its conlours. It seems thuman to desy to mortal vanity stuart Jenkinson to descant upon its con-It seems inhuman to deny to mortal vanity

this innocent consolation. How the Vendetta Was Ended.

[London Daily News.] Last week a singular festival was held at Bitti, it Sardinia. In the pre-ence of the Prefect of the Province, the Archbishop of Nugro, a provincia deputation, the Syndic of Sassari and other author ties a formal oath was taken by the members of two families, which had been at enmity for man years, reciprocally to pardon all offenses and to live in peace and harmony. The number of the members of the two families was 670 persons. A large crowd filled the part-h church in which the ceremony was recformed, and the next day a ban-quet was given in the country for which had been ordered 10 oxen, 14 pigs, 60 sucking-pigs, 200 weight of macaron, 500-weight of bread, and 5 of fruit, with 10 hectolitres of wine.

BRIGHT BITS OF CHILD TALK.

"I'll teach you to play pitch-and-tess!" shouted an enraged father. "I'll flog you for an hour, I Father," instantly replied the incorrigible, a e balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "141 osa you to make it two hours or nothing!"

A CHANGE OF LABEL.

A doting mother of a wa gish boy bottled a lot of fice preserves and labelled them, "Put up by Mrs. Johnny, having discovered the goodles, soon te the contents of one bottle and wrote on the soel, "Put down by Johnny Doo." A FLAW IN THE ARGUMENT. Aunt Esther was trying to persuade little Eddle to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time, "Yes," said Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

HIS OPINION OF SALAD.

A country lad who had gone to service, having had said derived up every day for a week, ran away, and when seked why he had left his place riplied, ""Why they made me yeat grass in the summer, and I wur afraid they"d make me yeat ax in the winter, and I coulon't stand that, so I

A NABROW ESCAPE. An American boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on me, builed his level best, and just before it killed me the tooth c me out." A NEW USE FOR A WIG.

A NEW USE FOR A WIO.

An elderly gentleman was one morning searching for his wig, which had my-teriously disappeared; he hunted for it high and low, until, losing all p tience, he adjourned to his matutinal meal without it. "Have any of you chill-rep acen my wig?" he asked sternly. "Tommy had it this morning," piped one little voice from the far end of the table. "What did you do with it, Tommy?" the gentleman inquired. "Gave it the old hen to the gentleman inquired. "G lay in," quoth the youngster. HIS EMERGENCY THOUGHTS.

A little boy fell into the river a few days since, and barely escaped drowning. When saked by his mother what he was thinking about while in the water he replied: "I was thinking what a lot of things you'd give me if I got home safe."

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

LONG HOURS AND LOW WAGES FOR GIRLS IN A SILK FACTORY.

Working Early and Late Summer and Winter Alike-A Household Carried on by the Joint Efforts of a Mother and Two Daughters - Hard Struggles of a Young

Wife-Contented Faces Nevertheless. Amid the busy hum and whirl of a hundred looms some four times that number of girls

were plying their deft fingers. It was the interior of a huge silk ribbon factory in West Thirtieth street, and the head

of the firm was showing an Evening World reporter the wonders of the establishment. The delicacy and ingenuity of the machinery for producing out of a shapeless mass of raw silk, fresh from the cocoon, regular lengths of rich ribbon of a thousand different

designs, was duly admired, and then the

warping, dyeing and packing departments were visited. The employees of the factory numbered 550, and with the exception of the weavers at the looms and the foreman and packers all were women and girls. The majority were girls of from thirteen to eighteen years of age, the older girls and the women of course doing the more important work. The girls and women were without exception spot-lessly clean and next, and the reporter was

lessly clean and nest, and the reporter was struck by the prevailing look of contentment and satisfaction on their faces.

"This must be because they have short hours, light work and good pay and are able to live in comfortable homes," thought the reporter. It was a pleasing thought, but there was more of poetry than truth in it.

A few questions put to the proprietor of the factory brought out the cold, hard facts that the working hours for the girls and women were from 7 o'clock till 6, winter and summer alike, and their wages from \$3 to \$7 a week.

The rest might have been conjectured, but the reporter seized a moment when one of the warping machines was quiet and ap-proached the girl in charge, a little damsel of

proached the girl in charge, a little damsel of apparently sixteen or seventeen years:

"I get \$3 a week," she said, "and I live with my mother in West Twenty-fourth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues." She would not tell her name, but from the fact that she said her mother was Mrs. Goodkind and the forewoman called her Lena, the reporter concluded her name must be Lena Goodkind.

"I had to work three weeks here for \$1a.

"I had to work three weeks here for \$1a week," she said. "It took me that long to know how to watch the spools. Then they gave me \$2.50 and last month they raised me 50 cents. cents.
I have a sister two years older than my-

"I have a sister two years older than myself. She works in a paper-box factory and cannot earn more than \$2.50 a week. Our mother goes out washing and the three of us together earn enough to keep us.

"This work is not very hard, but I have to get up at 5.30 o'clock in the morning. It's quite dark now when we get to work. We have a Saturday half-holiday, but we get paid 50 cents less every week than if we had to work that afternoon.

50 cents less every week than if we had to work that afternoon.

"I shall be eighteen years next birthday. No, of course I should not be able to live on my earnings if I was alone. It's only by living with my sister and mother that we can get along, but I shall get a raise to \$3.50 next week, and if I get on they will give me better work and \$5 a week soon."

Emma Norton, a bright-eyed young woman of twenty-two years, found time to talk to the reporter while walking rapidly up and down the floor and keeping track of every one of the thousand threads on the whirling spindles.

spindles.

spindles.

"If a woman's labor was paid for by results as well as a man's, we should get \$20 a week," she said. "As it is, I am paid \$1.25 for a full working day and 75 cents for Saturday. That's \$7 a week. I am married, but my husband is an incurable consumptive and is in the hospital.

"I have to work for myself and believe." I have to work for myself and baby and

"I have to work for myself and baby and it's a pretty hard struggle. I leave the baby with a neighbor while I am in the factory. I take work home in the evenings and earn from \$1 to \$2 a week extra that way. The work I take home is winding off silk on the warping frames. It is clean work and not very hard in itself, but I have to keep at it a good many hours to pay the rent and keep myself and my little one in food and clothes.

"The owners of the factory are kind-hearted men and just to their employees, but there are many in the business and a great deal of silk ribbon is imported from Switzerland and Germany, so they have to keep their expenses down or the foreigners would undersell them."

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER



[From Judge.]
VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS-"Excuse me, Miss Lacer, but while I was looking at your bric-a-brac the chair slipped and I cawn't get out!"

Those Terrible Great Vases.

[From Tid-Bits.] Miss Felps-We have awielly joily times down at Jovernor' I la din the win er. Mr. Schwein urta (of Boston, to himself)—Didn't know her father was well enough to own an island, Guess 1'd batter plunge!

An Ambiguous Compliment. ** If you use my mixture once," said a patent medicane man, " I'm sure you will never use any other."
''No." was the reply, ''I don't suppose I ever would."

No Show for Faith Cure. Gns De Smith—I've been reading about another emarkable faith cure. Gilbooly-I don't believe in it. Physic beats the

faith cure every time.
Gus De Smith—Well, it ought to; it has the inside track. Western Jou nalism. [Fr m Tid Bits.]

Dakota Editor (to foreman)-Are all the forms Foreman-Yes, str. Editor-Pistois and bowie knives in good shape? oreman-Yes, sir.

Dental Intelligence. (From Texas Siftings.) "For heaven's sake, give that man a nut-

Foreman—Yes, sir. Editor—Then let the paper go to press,

cracker," said a lady at an Austin hotel to a waiter, pointing to a gentleman from Dallas who was cracking hickory nuts with his teeth. "I don't want it; these nuts are so hard, I'm afraid I might threak it," replied the man from Dalias, crunching another nut between his teets.

Must Go to Town.

[From the Waxahachie (Fex.) Mirror.]
We saw one six-horse wagon drawing a gentleman and lady last Monday. Truly the resources of our people are inexhaustible.

their wrongs by physical violence.

credit of Charity, "let her go Gallagher."